

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowfines possesses them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th' Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st more distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. He teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottomerun
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheek proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no more, vnlesse the Sun were pozt:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stufte is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heire of *Naples*, twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneccessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead):
Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morcell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any bufinesse that
We say besies the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,
And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzallo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter *Ariell* with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in *Gonzallo's* eare.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preferue the King.

Alon. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alon. Heard you this *Gonzallo*?

Gon. Vpon might honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyle,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ariel. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Caliban*, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him
By yach-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curle. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and moun
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, Enter
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo*.
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing i'th winde: yond same blaek cloud, yond huge
one, looks like a foule bombard that would shed his
licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by paille-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a
now (as once I was) and
a holiday-foole there bu
there, would this Mon
beast there, makes a ma
doit to relieue a lame Beg
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd lik
Armes: warme o' my tre
pinion; hold it no longer
der, that hath lately suff
the storme is come again
der his Gaberdine: the
bout: Misery acquaint
lowes: I will here throw
be past.

Enter *Stephano*

Ste. I shall no more to se
This is a very scurvy tune
Funerall: well, here's m
Sings. The Master, the
The Gunner, and his Ma
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and M
But none of vs car'd for Ka
For she had a tongue with a
Would cry to a Sailor goe ha
She lou'd not the suour of
Tee a Tailor might scratch
Then to Sea Boys, and let
This is a scurvy tune too
But here's my comfort.

Cal. Doe not torment

Ste. What's the matt
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon
Inde? ha? I haue not s
now of your foure legges
per a man as euer went o
giue ground: and it shal
phano breathes at nostril

Cal. The Spirit torments

Ste. This is some Mo
who hath got (as I take
should he learne our lang
liefe if it be but for that
him tame, and get to
sent for any Emperour
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment

wood home faster.
Ste. He's in his fit now
wisest; hee shall taste of
drunke wine afore, it wil
if I can recouer him, and
too much for him; hee f
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me y
non, I know it by thy tr
vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your w
is that which will giue l
mouth; this will shake
that soundly: you cannot
your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know th
It should be,